

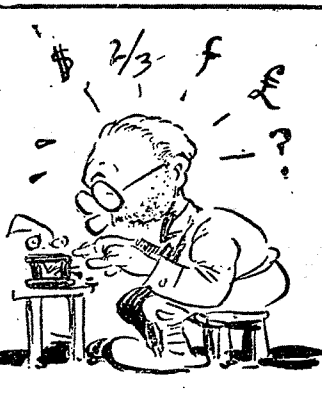
## HERE'S YOUR VALENTINE

—By WALLGREN



TO THE TOP

Ancient friend (perhaps in Dreamland)  
Ancient foe (when awake)  
Here's a Valentine for you, Top,  
(Whom I hope the Skipper'll break!)



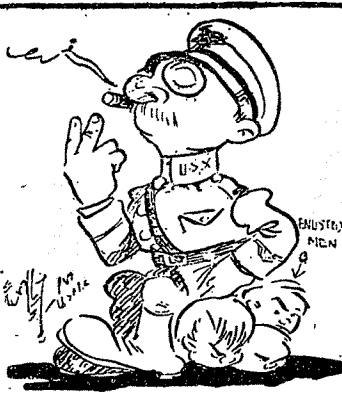
TO THE COMPANY CLERK

Whiskered four-eyes,  
Never accurate except  
When you dock "2/3 of 3 months"  
This slight Valentine accept!



TO THE MESS SARGE

Robber of the village  
hen-roosts  
Starver of the soldiers' maw  
May This Valentine Day  
find you  
Cold as beans, and bacon—  
now!



TO THE SKIPPER (i.e., C.O.)

You, who held my life  
in ransom  
Ever since I crossed the ocean,  
Here's my compliments  
quite handsome  
If you hustle my pro-  
motion!



TO THE COOK

Be you plentiful in seconds  
Be with ketchup mighty  
free.  
And I'll bless your name  
forever  
If you don't—well you  
know me!



TO THE PAYMASTER

Lovely vision clad in  
Sambrowne,  
Sainted heiress, angel fine,  
Pay them six months  
what you owe me.  
And I'll be your Valentine!

Verses by PVT. HURDSON HAWLEY

6,000 S.S.U. MEN  
THREADS OF KHAKI  
IN HORIZON BLUEAmbulance Service Soldiers  
Saw Few Yanks Before  
Last July

90 PER CENT DECORATED

Cock of Verdun Now Adorns  
Shoulders of Drivers Who  
Rushed Wounded to Safety

There are 6,000 soldiers in one lost legion of the A.E.F.—6,000 soldiers who wear khaki uniforms with black-eagled buttons, bronze collar ornaments, golden service stripes and all; and yet for the greater part of 18 months on the Western front seldom met the hundreds of thousands of other American soldiers in France. They were woven into the whole French Army—threads of khaki running through the great blue fighting garment of France.

Officially they were the United States Army Ambulance Service with the French Army. To the public and the doughboy they were S.S.U. units. They transported more than half a million wounded French soldiers. This group of 6,000 men—90 per cent of them from colleges in the States—was the direct result of a request from Marshal Joffre at the moment the United States entered the war, a request that enough American ambulance drivers to care for 100 French divisions be sent to France as soon as possible.

The first units arrived in France in June, 1917, and the whole contingent followed in a few months. The men coming from the States were joined by those who had been serving without pay all through the war with the French Army, many of them having started with their own units in the first Battle of the Marne in 1914. The French Army, whose own ambulance service had been weakened by more than three years' casualties, absorbed the whole S.S.U. service, and its ranks were swelled by the wounded under shell fire within a short time after they first stepped on French soil—the first American soldiers to see action.

Assigned to American Division  
All through the hard French fighting of 1917 the 6,000 American ambulance drivers kept steadily at work in every sector of the French front. It was not until March, 1918, that the first sections of this service found themselves helping in battles with the fighting regiments of their own Army.

But with the intermingling of the armies, when the Chateau-Thierry fought into American history, when the whole region between the Marne and the Aisne became an American battlefield, the S.S.U. made a new glorious name for itself. Many of the units were assigned to American divisions, although the greater majority of the ambulance drivers continued with the French.

Indicating the character of their service is the fact that more than 80 per cent of the S.S.U. men have been awarded decorations—not only the Croix de Guerre and the D.S.C., but the French Médaille Militaire, the fourragère and, in the case of one of them, the Legion of Honor. The Italian war cross is another Western front decoration, won by services performed with the S.S.U. men even the "T" by a contingent which spent six months in Italy.

Because of its methods of operation, the S.S.U. experienced constant hazards, even more than those which fall to every ambulance service. Using light Ford ambulances, the S.S.U. drivers went far into the front of operations, often beyond the postes de secours, to the aid of men who had fallen and had not yet received first aid.

Through Shell Fire and Gas  
The French theory of attending to wounded calls for their transportation to hospitals in the safe zones as rapidly as possible, fighting zone medical stations giving only emergency treatment and evacuating swiftly. So the S.S.U. men were not called upon often to give first aid.

Members of the Motor Transport Corps are still busy inspecting the machines turned over under the terms of the armistice. Members of the Photographic Section, Signal Corps, are taking pictures of all parts, especially the engines, under the direction of American motor experts, in order that exact duplicates can be reproduced if the need arises.

With the other American soldiers in France wearing shoulder insignias, the S.S.U. chose one for itself that symbolizes its attachment to the French. Its shoulder patch shows the Cock of Verdun, the famous fighting rooster—superimposed in white on a background of maroon. And while they are busy sewing on shoulder patches the S.S.U. men are thinking of going home. The high French command has promised that all the units probably would be released by the beginning of summer.

## CHAPLAINS AND OTHER FIGHTERS IN THE THIRD ARMY

Father Duffy's life was at stake. Father Duffy is shepherd of as wild and rollicking a regiment of Irishmen as ever rushed a bloche machine gun nest or struggled with a foreign tongue to make a French colleen understand. Father Duffy reached Remagen with the 165th Infantry to find the place as bare of army extras as a miser's pantry.

Plainly the good father had to get something for his flock. But he was unable to get a priest to get—that is, he couldn't get a pass. So he went AWOL.

When he reached the headquarters town of the Third Army he dug up the secretary of the K. of C. and yelled for help. The secretary told him to make out a list of things the flock needed. Father Duffy went to it. He overlooked nothing, and when the list was completed it looked like a surf-fragrant petition.

The secretary then took Father Duffy to the K. of C. warehouse. "We're having a little transportation difficulty," said the secretary, "and most of our stuff is still to come through. I don't know what we have."

But the 165th's chaplain figured that even if he obtained one-half of the stuff on his list his outfit would be satisfied. It would have something.

Father Duffy carried in one hand two pictures, in brown sepia, of Gen. John J. Pershing. In the other he had a deck of playing cards.

Here's another one on a chaplain, told by himself. He was to hold services in a certain church and was to be escorted to the bell to call the men. Sunday morning came, and he asked a private to ring the bell. Imagine his astonishment when he found outside the church door the very few minutes not only every man in the outfit, but every man, woman and child in the town as well. The natives were greatly excited and flooded him with questions. Investigation disclosed that the bell had been ringing, not the church bell but the fire bell.

"And so I concluded," added the chaplain, "that the incident was singularly appropriate for a sermon on hell."

The Army of Occupation has orderly rooms of various degrees of comfort and amplitude. Among these may be cited the one in which hold forth sergeants and sergeants major of the 165th Infantry. It is in the parlor of a very pretentious residence, and the wherewithal to furnish that parlor is still there, including a piano, with Liszt and Wagner on top, a thick carpet to deaden footfalls, walls lined with pictures and several tables.

In addition to being an orderly room, the chamber serves as the sergeants' mess hall. Below the mess hall is a kitchen. And when mess time rolls around and all the sergeants and sergeants major are seated, the meals, smoking hot from the kitchen, are lifted quickly to the level of the upper floor by a genuine, unmistakable, dumb waiter.

The K.P. is coming into his own in these days of the war. He's around a warm kitchen all day, generally in a place where kitchens are very comfortable. He doesn't have to wash dishes with mud over his shoulders, nor does he have to rustle grub a quarter of a mile through woods and wire entanglements. And he sees to it that he gets plenty of between-meal extras.

In fact, in these days of interminable drill, he has a cinch—and perhaps it may not be believed, but there is more than one top sergeant who has had it borne in upon him that when he sentences some transgressor to the kitchen he is merely giving him a nice little boost to a perch on the top of the world.

with hope in Heimbach, now that the 308th has started the ball rolling. Incidentally, every soul in this neck of Germany knew someone was going home. The rock cliffs of the Rhineland echoed and echoed to the tremendous outbursts of cheering which arose from that troop train as it fled from Germany.

Every little while, in Coblenz and vicinity, a door which looks as if it had not been opened for a hundred years is pushed off its hinges, and behind it the American authorities find enough contraband to stock a decent-sized store.

A quantity of leather was discovered recently only a few hundred yards from Third Army headquarters. The stock, in the majority of cases, is private, having been concealed by the owner from the former cohorts of the A.H. Highest.

Coblenz was like a country town on a Sunday night at the elections recently. Indeed, most of the troops stationed there did not even know there was an election. But some of those out in the bridgehead knew about it, for a certain Otto Pick, pedigree, party and accomplishments unknown and unnecessary, ran about the country in a decrepit black taxicab, with his name and the things he stood for boldly emblazoned on the sides, front and back—a bit of campaigning in good American style.

Now that the States are really heading toward the Sahara it will be quite a shock to the home folks to know that many of their sons are spending anywhere from

eight to twelve hours a day in German beer halls. But the reason is simple: Outside of Coblenz there are no barracks to house the men, and not all of them can be accommodated in private homes. Of "Gasthausen," however, there is no end in Germany, and their upper floors, formerly dance halls, make very good barracks.

On one of the walls of the Kaiserin Augusta gymnasium, or school, at Coblenz, there is a reproduction of the familiar picture showing the scene in the Hall of Mirrors at Versailles in 1870 when the King of Prussia, Wilhelm II, was crowned Emperor of Germany.

A French officer who had wandered into the gymnasium one afternoon stopped to look at it, and then said, in English, to a couple of Yanks who had come up to see about going to school:

"There will be another gathering in the Hall of Mirrors soon, but this time it will not be France who is humiliated. I wonder if the Germans will put that picture up in the walls of their school rooms when it is painted?"

Everything goes along smoothly at the costume dances held weekly at the Coblenz Festival hall—except one thing. There is

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## The Literary Digest

Funk &amp; Wagnalls Company/Publishers of the Famous NEW STANDARD Dictionary, New York

scarcely one soldier in the whole Third Army who wants to be led. When the music starts up and everyone's feet begin twitching, and all get out on the floor, you can hear a couple of birds in this wise: "Lemme take the lead, Joe."

"Like hell I will. Think I'm going to let you drag me around the floor? I'll do the leading."

"Well, cummon. Let's quit arguing."

"Well (reluctantly), go ahead. But remember, I'll lead the next time."

And finally away they go, with both of them leading before they've gone 40 feet.

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THE STORY OF TWO MEN  
WHO FOUGHT IN THE  
CIVIL WAR

From a certain little town in Massachusetts two men went to the Civil War in answer to the first call. They were, rather than men; for the Civil War, unlike the war which has just ended in France, was fought chiefly by boys under twenty-one.

Such men as secured the same educational advantages, they were also educated in the local Academy, from which they had graduated, and their prospects for success were equally good.

Within the past two years both of them have died. One left a fortune to his children; the other left nothing but a ruminant and mangled farm.

He had "hard hard luck," the town said. He "never seemed to catch hold after the war." Someone "lost his grip in 1861-5."

He seemed to experience no difficulty in "catching hold" after his return from the front.

Whereas the difference between these two? Why was it that the same set of circumstances which made the one should have laid the basis for the success of the other?

The answer was plain enough to those who knew their past. During the period of the war the man lived in utter thoughtlessness of the future. It was a great adventure to him, and nothing more. He conducted himself as though the end of the world would come with the signing of the armistice.

The other, even in the days of conflict, had his eye set on a definite goal in civil life. He carried books with him on the march; on the day that he was demobilized he knew exactly what kind of a job he wanted, and he knew that he would get it.

The history of these two men will be repeated many thousands of times in the next few months. Millions of men are about to be demobilized, some into failures, the majority into successes.

For the men who are still on this side, but whose eyes turn inquiringly toward the industrial life of America, there is a great deal of worthwhile suggestion in the 112-page book published by the Alexander Hamilton Institute, entitled "Forging Ahead in Business."

Surely, if any men in America are competent to guide young men in these critical days of reconstruction, these men are.

A certain number of copies of this book have been reserved by the Alexander Hamilton Institute for free distribution to these Americans on this side who are along thoughtful consideration to the future. The book is available to all who write to the Alexander Hamilton Institute, 200 Madison Avenue, New York City.

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